

Saturday Evening Post

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1871.

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NEVER AGAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BURN THORNBURY.

The clouds by-and-by will break and fly;
We shall see the grass where the snow-dunes lie,
And the hillside where the wild flowers grow;
But the lover's face of the old home door,
And thy fair form on the old home floor,
Never again—never again.

The buds will peep and the blossoms come out;
We shall hear the happy birds singing about,
And the patter of summer rain;
But thy gentle footsteps coming near,
And the sweet, sweet voice we used to hear,
Never again—never again.

We shall feel the glow that the moon-shine threw,
And the tender light that came to us so
As the tranquil sunset wane;
But the hand whose touch was always soft,
And the lips whose kiss was so sweet,
Never again—never again.

O'er sea and land the summer will smile;
And we may too for a little while
If only to feel the sun's warm rays;
But through it all we will think of thee,
And the world will be as it used to be,
Never again—never again.

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS; OR, A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PURSUIT.

The excitement the next day was something fearful. The news spread with lightning speed, and everywhere created indignation at the unprovoked outrage committed, and a determination to take no rest until simple justice had been meted to the robbers. The country people, one by one, as the story reached their ears, flocked eagerly to the village, anxious to hear in fuller detail the history of the abduction. And every one came armed, not knowing but that he might be needed to take part in some immediate expedition.

Nellie Brown was a favorite wherever known—and those to whom her name was strange, knew that should such an outrage be allowed to pass unpunished, they had no assurance but that their own wives and daughters might next become the prey of these villains.

The Budds had committed many murders during their occupancy of the swamp; but not one of these had aroused the intense excitement that was produced by this bold abduction.

The run had not long risen, ere the village was thronged with people, each armed, and vowing vengeance on the outlaws; and hour by hour, as the day passed on, and the news spread, the crowd increased.

Mr. Howard failed to hear of the event until long after this throng had begun to assemble. He had walked out after an early breakfast, and did not return to the inn until towards ten o'clock.

The sudden account of the abduction given him by Bradley, who had heard of it during his absence, shocked him terribly. For many minutes he sat perfectly overwhelmed with thought of the possible consequences of this outrage.

In the happy self-sufficiency of his mind he had been entirely unprepared for misfortune, and his active imagination pictured in such vivid colors a thousand horrible results, all grouped round the fearful central picture of the lady of his love in the hands of a crew of half-savage outlaws, that for a moment he was almost overcome by the revulsion of feeling, and incapable of motion or speech.

Thought of their object in this bold action occupied his mind after the first few moments, in which his judgment had remained the slave of his feelings; and a second consideration led him to his mind the form of John Middleton as the moving agent of the abduction.

This idea greatly relieved him. Middleton was a man with schemes and objects; not an actuated by the untamed instincts of his savage companions. What force he brought to bear would be upon her mind, not upon her person. Possibly his scheme might be to force her into a marriage. He might agree to himself that this would enable him to maintain in possession of the property, which otherwise was in immediate danger of slipping from his grasp.

The more Howard debated this idea in his mind, the more probable did it appear to him, and the more did buoyancy of mind replace his late depression.

The game was far from being lost to him. There was a promise to be brought upon Nellie's indignation, possibly upon her fears. He had sufficient confidence in her love for him, and in her natural powers of resistance, to feel sure that this would gain him at least several days in which to prepare; and what might not be done in several days.

True, Miss Price had seen no one besides the outlaws; but that counted for nothing in his mind. They would not have acted as they had done without a sufficient object; and he could conceive of but one object; namely, to earn the money of their employer, Middleton.

And now thought began again to give way to feeling, a burning thirst for vengeance upon his mind.

None of the desperate attempts upon his own life had roused within him such a feeling as now took possession of his whole nature. He was a man capable of resistance, capable of revenge. This was a girl, beautiful of self-defense, and to love her. He would in his own



WILLIE BROWN IN THE HANDS OF THE OUTLAWS.

mind a fierce vow of revenge upon his enemy, springing to his feet with such violent energy that Bradley, for the moment, fancied that he had gone mad.

The landlord had, with surprise, beheld the strange immobility under such terrible tidings. Unable to follow the rapid flow of thoughts which ran like a torrent through his mind, each new thought printing its passing traces on his face, his sudden burst of energy equally surprised Bradley, who fell back in alarm.

"My horse! See that he is ready, without a moment's delay. Fly, man! There are no moments to spare!"

Bradley, thus adjured, hastened, with unusual speed for him, to obey the orders of his guest, who, meanwhile, took the opportunity to arm himself with pistol and rifle.

He was too full now of the exaltation of action to dream of failure, and not for a moment did a thought of the difficulty of the enterprise cross his mind, or of the great danger that the den of the outlaws might be hidden too securely for discovery. All thought of minor considerations was for the time swallowed up in the burning thirst for revenge, and the need of assistance or apprehension of failure were yet distant from his thoughts.

Throwing himself heavily on his horse, he rode down the forest highway at a pace that simply expressed the fiery vehemence of his feelings.

As the rapid feet of the steed descended the distance, the recollection of his first ride through this forest crossed his mind, coupled with the thought that he was at last on the trail of his foe, and would amply repay him for the many hardships and futile assaults to which he had been subjected. He swept fiercely down the hill and across the brook where once he had met such deadly opposition. Now not a shadow crossed his path.

The warm light of the sun lay, like a promise of success, in the lap of the ravine, sparkling on the waters, as they ran, from gloom to gloom, across the road.

In a minute or two more he burst, like a thunderbolt, into the assembly of the villagers, and drew up his panting and perspiring horse with a force that nearly threw him back on his haunches.

They gathered around him eagerly as he thus rushed like a Centaur into their midst. The fact of his betrothal to Miss Brown had leaked out during the morning conference, and had rapidly spread till all awaited, with anxious curiosity, his arrival.

"Friends!" he cried, with a strong and rapid intonation, "an outrage has been committed, which it is the duty and the interest of every man here to revenge. Your presence here, armed, assures me that it is also your intention. What safety is there for a man of you all, what security for a household in your country, if such an outrage pass unpunished? Shall these savages triumph over us while we have hearts to feel and hands to act? Let us burst on the infamous crew with the force of the avalanche! Shall the forest or the swamp hide him from our vengeance? Think of it, as rare and noble a woman as your State contains, and the nearest friend of every man here, is in the hands of a crew of dastardly, skulking ruffians! Let them see that they have raised a storm now that will not be easily laid; that their long career of robbery and murder has reached its end; that justice and the right shall at length triumph. There is one man who is directing these cowardly proceedings, who has threatened my life more than once, and has now decided upon his household. On him I have sworn revenge. I am for the swamp, without an instant's delay. Let all who are mounted follow me! The rest of you rouse the country. Surround the stronghold of these robbers with a cordon of brave and resolute men. I will place their swamp from end to end, from side to side, with all who

dare follow me. Bring axes and rifles, we must cut our way, burn our way, fight our way, and decide not a moment, day nor night, till we have unearthed this nest of vipers, and avenged the long series of outrages to which we have all been subjected."

This fiery and vigorous oration, which had burst without premeditation from his lips, produced an extraordinary effect. Scarcely a man present but had been in one way or another a victim of the Budd gang. Many had mourned brothers, sons or relatives, slain by them; and the passion of the speaker roused in every mind an irrepressible desire for revenge. Before he had finished speaking a dozen mounted men were pressing around him, tending to be led to the stronghold of the robbers. He had no sooner ended than he gave his horse the rein, and dashed off, followed by this small band of mounted men, amid the shouts and cries of those who remained, excited to frenzy by his stirring appeal.

They were all well mounted. The day, though it was now midsummer, was tempered by a pleasant breeze from the north, and with compressed lips and set brows they rode after their impassioned leader, as eagerly as if but to reach the borders of the swamp was to secure them of success.

Foremost among the troop rode Solomon and Dr. Hamilton, each well mounted, and pressing to the side of Howard as he rode on with a nervous energy that soon distanced those of his troop less fortunate in the speed of their horses.

For several miles this headlong race continued without rein being drawn or word spoken, the iron hoofs of the horses spurring the ground, and their nostrils dilated with a spirit equal to that animating their riders, while the white foam that frothed their sides, and their laboring breath, showed that this racing pace could not be much longer sustained.

The resolute energy of their leader had, so far, kept his followers without a thought of opposing his will, their own minds borne down by the magnetic force of a determined spirit. But Solomon now pressed forward, and seizing Howard's rein, gently but resolutely forced his horse into a slower pace.

"Excuse me, Mr. Howard," he said respectfully, "but you will kill your horse if you keep up at this speed. We aren't far now from the edge of the swamp, but we won't get there with these animals if we don't give them a chance to breathe."

Howard's mind had been so preoccupied with the one idea of his object, that he had been lost to all minor considerations. Solomon's voice broke the stress of feeling that was pressing him blindly onward. He drew rein and checked his horse almost to a walk, saying:

"You are right, my friend. I have been thinking only of the end, not of the means. It is well that we should form some plan of operations, though I confess I can see nothing beyond the simple plan of entering the swamp, and trusting to fortune and our own wits for the result."

"It is the best thing we can do," said the Doctor. "It is idle to form plans while utterly ignorant of what we have to encounter. Our only plan will be to force our way onward with the chance of meeting some clue to their hiding place."

"I think it likely the dog will be a help to us," said the constable, who formed one of the party, and now pressed forward, a huge, long-bodied bloodhound running with protruded tongue by his side.

"You've got your dog, eh?" said Solomon. "I reckon myself it's likely he'll be a help for he was always a good trailer."

"Let me get him on the scent of one of them vagabonds once, and of the water ain't deep enough to drown their trail, I'll bet the dog here will bring him to, though it's a ten mile run."

A half hour more, at a moderate pace, compared with the headlong rapidity of their first course, brought them to the edge of the swamp, at the same spot at which entrance had been made on the former occasion. They had made for this spot, so one affording them ready entrance by aid of the creek, and from the fact that they had some acquaintance with the interior of the swamp extending from this locality.

They found, on inquiry, that the negroes employed at the distillery had two boats, the one they had employed on a previous occasion, and another, quite sufficient to take the whole party into the swamp.

Hiring these boats, and also buying some provisions of the negroes, for it was very uncertain when they would again land on the land, they left their horses in charge of their black allies, and embarked, with their arms, in the boats.

A few moments' row took them out of sight of solid land and into the thickly wooded regions of the swamp. The boats were gradually piloted and the boats sped along, steered by Solomon and Howard, till they had crossed the clear pond passed on their former visit, and came to rest beside the small island of dry land where they had landed before.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SWAMP INVADED.

Dividing their band into two parties of six each, led respectively by Solomon and Howard, they made as thorough a search of that portion of the swamp as was possible, considering the numerous difficulties they had to contend with. They were all hardy and resolute men, and allowed no slight difficulty to turn them back. Here and there they were forced to wade for many feet through pools in which the water rose to their knees. Again the thicket became so dense and intricate with thorns and clinging vines, that only an energetic employment of the axes, which several of the men had brought, enabled them to force their way through.

In places, the cordon of thorny underbrush and twisted and tangled vines rose in utterly impassable walls, forcing them to turn back and seek some less inhospitable passage.

Hour after hour passed and no trace of a human being appeared to either party. The dog was in vain tried in every more open passage. Occasionally he would take up a scent for a few moments, but to find it soon lost in the water that so often lay deep upon their path.

Of other animal life there was abundance. Had their object been "poison" or "coon," they could have carried out these animals by the bushel. Game birds in great quantities rose before them, and as night approached the whole swamp resounded with the voices of innumerable wild songsters. Another song, less grateful to their ears, grew more deep and persistent with the approach of night, the chant of the blood-thirsty mosquito, which in untold myriads rose before them as day declined, and forced them to turn back in search of their beds much sooner than they would otherwise have done.

Solomon led a portion of the party to the dry space on which he had discovered the women on his previous visit, but only to find it abandoned. The huts remained, and contained evidence of recent occupation, but their tenants were gone. He searched the whole neighborhood diligently for a considerable distance around, but in vain, the swamp extended in every direction as tenantless as if it had never known human habitation.

As the day passed on the wind died away, the heat becoming almost insupportable. Inured to hardship as the most of them

were, by the time they reached the beach on their return several of the party were ready to succumb to fatigue and the effect of the heat.

It was now near sundown, and though it was proposed that they should remain for the night on the dry hillock on which they then were, the assaults of the mosquitoes, and the probability that they might have a visit from their dangerous neighbors, the Budds, during the night, at length determined them to embark, and pass the night at the point where their horses had been left. The failure of their search had dispirited none, unless it might be Howard, who kept so sad and gloomy a silence that it was impossible to tell what thoughts might be passing in his mind.

"Our time's not been lost, that's some comfort," said Solomon. "We've found out where they ain't. To-morrow we'll take up new ground, and see if we can't find where they are. An' I promise you, lads, if the shadow of a Budd gets in the line of my rifle barrel I'll put a bullet through it."

"I will prefer to reserve my bullets for something substantial," replied the Doctor. "Can't afford to waste lead on shadows, that's a fact," said the constable, stroking the head of his dog. "Only let Leon here get his eye on such a shadow to-morrow an' I bet you my head he'll soon find you the substance."

On leaving the swamp they found a considerable party in wait to receive them. Horses and vehicles of various description were collected around the negro hut, and some twenty-five or thirty persons awaited eagerly their approach and the report of their progress.

The story of the abduction had, during the day, spread over the whole country, exciting universal indignation, and as it was given out that a united effort would be made to explore the fastness of the outlaws, armed men were gathering from all quarters on the borders of the swamp, anxious to take part in the designed raid.

It was predicted that by the next morning several hundred men would be collected at various points round the swamp, ready to take part in the expedition.

A council was at once held as to the proper course of proceeding on the next day, and it was finally considered advisable that the people should enter the swamp in the morning, divided into squads of six or eight men each, and to avoid the danger of any of the becoming separated from their parties, and being mistaken for members of the Budd gang by other squads, it was decided that each person should wear conspicuously displayed, a tuft of blue ribbon, so that any man encountered without this distinguishing mark, might safely be taken for an outlaw, and dealt with accordingly.

Two or three men were at once despatched on horseback to the different points at which parties were known to have assembled, to report their decision and prepare for the next day's work.

The sun rose brightly the next morning, bringing with it a grateful breeze that served to relieve apprehensions which had been entertained that the day would prove extremely warm. The ground was now mapped out, squads being appointed to enter the swamp on foot, on the two sides of the creek, and to beat up thoroughly the ground in that vicinity, while the remainder of the party took to the boats as before.

They penetrated deeper on this than on the previous day, one boat stopping at the spot where the hut containing the wounded man had been discovered at the time of their first visit.

The hut still remained, but untenanted. Still, the quickness with which the outlaws had been reinforced on that occasion, gave Solomon hopes that their stronghold might be near at hand, and he led his party inward

from this point, examining the thicket foot by foot as they proceeded.

Howard, with the party comprising the other boat, rowed on down the creek, which rapidly narrowed as they proceeded. The thicket which closed with almost impenetrable walls each bank of the narrow stream, grew denser with every step they took, and they were soon so completely shut out from the world that they could hear only the voices of the men in the boat, and the rustle of the leaves of the trees which grew on the banks.

"Keddy holding a dog," said the constable, with a grin. "I know, by the way, that if I please a woman to get in their way, I don't what she can do. As the dog moved quickly under his hand, with a low growl. The animal raised his great head, snuffing the air for a moment, then let it fall again on his extended paws, but in an attitude of attention."

"Shouldn't wonder if there were her nose somewhere within scent," said his master. "Leon's above smelling omen or poison, or any such small game."

Some distance beyond this thicket the swamp became more open, and the party landed, fastening their boat under the bushes at one of the many hummocks which rose like islands in the swamp.

It is not our purpose to follow any party through the course of this day's exploration. More than twenty squads, of six to eight men each, were diligently forcing their way through the morass, exploring every point in which it appeared to them possible that a camp of the enemy might be hidden. That there was such a hiding place, possibly several such, was evident; and it appeared as if the more open spots in which trees were found were as likely to draw them away from the concealed strongholds of the foe. But though the most of the swampy portion of the swamp was explored that day, not the most remote trace of the outlawed inhabitants appeared, and towards nightfall the searchers began to withdraw, and returned from exhaustive perambulations greatly dispirited. It was unfortunate for their purpose that the season of the year was one in which the moisture was most excessive. Had it been winter their chances would have been much greater.

Only one event of importance had occurred during the whole day. Towards the middle of the afternoon, as Solomon's party was toilingly forcing its way through the thicket, one of the men observed a man, partly hidden by a cypress trunk, looking at them from a distance of about fifty yards.

He was dressed more rudely than any of them, and stood erect, leaning on the barrel of a long rifle, while a large blue coat conspicuously appeared on the front of his chest.

"Hallo! stranger," cried the man who saw him, "where's your party?"

"Heckon I've lost them. Don't know where they've got."

"John so, then."

"Heckon, not," he replied, shouldering his rifle, and disappearing behind the bushes.

Solomon's quick ear caught a familiar sound in his tone, and he instantly turned, too late to see the figure of the man, and dashed at full speed towards where he had stood.

"Jim Budd! or my ears ain't worth shucks! Follow me, lads, there's game afoot!"

The whole party, at this information, dashed after him with rapidity. Turning the express behind which the man had stood, he caught a glimpse of him disappearing behind a clump of low bushes about seventy yards distance, and recognized him at a glance.

With the quickness of a practiced hunter the rifle was at his eye on the instant, and a bullet sent on the trail of the fugitive. Its sole effect was to elicit a scornful laugh from the flying outlaw.

They ran rapidly to the spot of his disappearance, only to discover that the man had utterly vanished. The ground before them was thickly grown with bushes, though readily passable—but, though they traversed it in various directions, searching every hiding place, and looking keenly ahead, no trace of the fugitive could be discovered.

"If we only had a dog worth a cent now," growled Solomon. "We're well nigh the only party that hasn't got a bound; an' I s'pose we're the only party that's got one for one. Jest to think of the keen doggie taking our badge. They've seen us, that's sure, and mounted the blue. We'll have to throw it off to-morrow, and shoot any man that wears blue."

"To-morrow!" repeated one of his men. "Yes, and a dozen to-morrow. We can't give it up till we root out this nest of rattlesnakes. Keep back, men, don't spile the scent. We've got to find Howard's party, and put Leon on the trail of Jim Budd. If the dog don't find him, he'll bring us nearer their headquarters."

The tree by which they stood rose loftily above the other trees around it, forming a landmark which might be seen for a considerable distance.

Selecting this as their guide to aid them in returning they dispersed in various directions, in search of Howard's party; being strictly charged by Solomon to keep a keen lookout for Budd, and to treat him to a bullet if they should see him.

After an hour's search they returned, none of them having been successful. It was now growing late, and it was necessary that they should make some preparation for the night. It was Solomon's advice that they should return to their boat, and row up the creek in search of the landing place of the other party. If found they were to pass the night upon the hummock, where but offered some shelter, and put the dog upon the scent in the morning.

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"Myra, not as a brother—but deep
deeper still—all in all, Myra; and if
I do not love me the same, I will die; for
you loved another, I should kill him
you."

AS OF THE YEAR

NOT FARE.

BOY READING NOTICE IN "BUN." "All children except infants must be paid for their fare," says the notice. "One, two! won't do!"

"I don't. Why should he have known the state of things if he had connected with it?"

"I have a theory about that. I think he told me the story. If that

"You think it true?"

"Not just he; for the authorities took it as such, and I was just ready to go on the leap of the place, when I thought it the site for growing I invested."

"You are sorry enough, I assure you,"

"Along have you been here?"

"Six months."

"Well, my friend, that is not time to wear off the old talent and assume a new one," he hopefully returned, "I had not joined with much interest."

"The worst is yet to come," resumed he with a painful effort; "two men have just appeared from the East during the six months that I have lord."

"Your hand involuntarily sought his."

"Possible!" I ejaculated, "without violence."

"What I tell you is true," affirmed he, his care-worn face grew still

"the particulars," commanded, "in invited Brigade."

"are none," returned our host, "at this time, as you have to-night, at, and retired to their rooms. In the morning, appearing at the proper time, I shall be sought for, in each case, their vacant, and all traces of themselves."

"I said the rather taciturn man of affairs, "some fellows who creep up on you were about, to save their night have thought so, and been with my mind—but, subsequently, both of them came to inquire for them."

"these two men lodged in any particular of the house?"

"In the same room, the other of them is another. In telling you this, I altered my mind, at least; and you

you please about remaining." I was not disturbed by my mother's question, for on other occasions we might have been discussing the storm window, decided us, and we only said stay.

My mother and father and I afterwards concluded that we each would do as the other, or we were now proposed spending the night in each of each other's society.

At proper hour, each one was shown to his room. I found a bed, a lamp, a fire, two yards square, blazing on a cheerful hearth. It was a cheerful room.

"I have enough. I never like to go to the fire of last night to trouble myself with this will last until I retire," said I as I was alone. I sat down to bed as what the landlord had told us was something of it. I wasn't much surprised when, a few days later, I was familiar with crime that he does it upon it as one who might. There the house grew still. One day, with a soft rush/stockinged feet down upon the ashes in the fire-
tack, tack of descending feet upon the bricks driven into the brick-work above, two or more were coming down, whirling down that whirling sound that had puzzled us as time, and which in the proper season has been the rumble of cannon. The house, still continued.

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tack, tack of descending feet upon the bricks driven into the brick-work above, two or more were coming down, whirling down that whirling sound that had puzzled us as time, and which in the proper season has been the rumble of cannon. The house, still continued.

any of the members had gone to my fire falling down from the wide, open doorway. I saw a man, and finally flickered over the mantle and attempting to rise above the mass thinking of going to bed myself, there came a slight sound against the door. I saw a man, and finally flickered over the mantle and attempting to rise above the mass thinking of going to bed myself, there came a slight sound against the door. I saw a man, and finally flickered over the mantle and attempting to rise above the mass thinking of going to bed myself, there came a slight sound against the door.

other traveller spoken of, who, for a moment, mistook me.

"Hasten up to help Briggs; they may kill him."

I then rushed outside to the rear of the building and moving a swath through the

"Open. What the deuce are you
doing?" was the emphatic whisper.
I took back the bolt and admitted him.
"Open," he immediately began,
"you make it that follow a story?"
"the landford?"

"I have puzzled over it until my
eyes were sore, and cannot get at
its probable conclusion anyhow."

my predicament. "I am glad that you are up; it is hard getting a man out of the house when he has been a nap-taking first, Briggs." How did you name it?"

"Frog." We knew you were coming. I had time to see if anything could be put about this place."

"How new you were coming?" I quoted, and he said:

"The landlord helped me to bring my horse."

am a detective. I haven't been months since Mr. Minney, Land from Detroit, disappeared here and has not since been heard of."

"What do you think?"

"The landlady is very innocent, or guilty, was the unintentional. Do you suspect him of complicity?"

"Other chap, and then we were at liberty discuss matters."

"With my first entrance into the room met by a welcoming odor."

"Ah, ha!" said I, "that was the g was it?"

"Now, what is that infernal odor said the landlady, raising a window."

(Normal letters are held over to be announced in our next.)

KIDDLER.

(Anagrams, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.)

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

WYOMING.

I am composed of 8 letters.

Take away my first, insert another in its place, and I am trodden under foot.
Replace, change my second, and I am content, or waver. After my third, and I am a body of water.
Entire I belong to a popular game.
Baltimore, Md. **EMILY.**

KINDLE
My first is in style but not in fashion,
My second is in earth but not in nation,
My third is in love but not in pain,
My fourth is in little but not in span,
My fifth is in a funeral but not in knell,
My sixth is in silence but not in farewell,

My seventh is in money but not in pain,
My eighth is in silly but not in quaint,
My ninth is in Fuddy but not in hay,
My tenth is in clever but not in hay,
My eleventh is in winter but not in cold,
My twelfth is in silver but not in gold,
My thirteenth is in wonder but not in guess,
My fourteenth is in ideal but not in bloom,

My whole is a "Pink of Perfection," sometimes in blue,
May its years be many and its cares be few.
WALLA.

PROBABILITY PROBLEM.

Two persons are known to have passed over the same route in opposite directions

within 12 hours, the one occupying 5 hours and the other 4 hours. Required—the chance that they met. **ARTEMAS MARTIN.**
N'Konn, Erie Co., Pa.
66 An Answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.
Why is a heartless kiss like a city stage on a cold day? Because it's a 'bus with no warmth in it.
Why is dressing a fatiguing process? Because it's a-tiring (attiring, yourself). Strange that this thought so seldom occurs to the ladies?

Why is a mean man not a mean man? Never. Why are ship carpenters the most impolite of men? Because they are several days making a bow. Can you spell consent in three letters? Y-e-s.

What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal? The one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

RIDDLE.—Winter.
We have received a number of answers to the *Poetical Enigmas* in our issue of February 10th, all of them correct. Among those answering are our old contributors, W. H. Morrow; G. W. L., Philada.; E. E. L., Baltimore, Md., etc. "The Whale that Swal-

One of our subscribers sends the following Poetical Answer:

My name you much would like to know,
And how I travel to and fro,
Quite without arms or hands or feet,
And yet my form is full complete.

The place where I my revels keep,
Is 'neath the waves of Ocean deep.
A quadruped I never was,
No fish I am, nor bird with claws.

But I am of memorial kind,
And by my Maker so designed,
Who from beginning thought it best

My young to suckle at my breast.
The Soul I had was not mine own,
I saw it on the water's thrown,
So picked it up as I was bid
By Him, from whom no act is hid.
And kept it safe, three nights and days,

According to God's righteous ways.
Yea, kept that Soul till orders came,
God called me forth, aloud, by name,
And by behest did me beseech
To leave him out upon the beach,
Who, when upon the earth he trod,
Was sent to preach the word of God.

Since then it has been man's delight
To view me as an awful sight;
Who when upon the distant seas
His sails uphoisted to the breeze,
Perchance doth meet me on his way,
Denotes me as his lawful prey,
Embarked six men do near my side

They risk their lives, regard no toll,
To kill me for my bones and oil.
From what I've said, you cannot fail
To know my name is "Jenah's Whale."

RECEIPTS.

VEAL MINCED.—Mince the veal as finely as possible, separating the skin, gristle and bones, with which a gravy should be made. Put a small quantity of the gravy into a stewpan, with a little lemon-juice grated, and

spoonful of milk or cream; thicken it with a little butter and flour, mixed gradually with the gravy; season it with salt and a little lemon-juice and Cayenne pepper. Put in the minced veal, and let it simmer a few minutes. Serve it up with sippets of bread, and garnish with sliced lemon.

LYON PRIME.—Six lemons, six eggs, grate

RALLY LUNE.—One pint of sweet milk, containing the skin of an egg, well-beaten and stirred into the milk, and a little salt. Bake in a common plate, with a rich paste. Put a rim around the edge of the plate, but do not cover the pie.

the milk, a teaspoonful of salt, three well-beaten eggs, a tablespoon of brewer's yeast, and a quart of flour. Let it rise in the bake pans, bake quickly, and serve hot. If any is left, heat it over the next day.

Mrs. W.'s SUPERIOR FRIED CAKES.—One pint of water, one quart of flour, and two

ough-spoons or brewers' yeast; knead the dough until it cleaves from the hand, and set it in a warm place until quite light, which should be, if the yeast is perfect, within twenty minutes; when sufficiently light, mix three well-beaten eggs with a coffee-cup of dissolved sugar, beat well until the sugar is dissolved; work into the dough half a coffee-

With the dough, add the egg and sugar, and stir the dough until the ingredients are mixed evenly through the whole; put it back in the pan, cover it warm, and let it rise again; when quite light, roll the dough lightly, cut the cakes with a ring-shaped cookie cutter, and fry it in hot fat a light

own; they should be used fresh; hard may be substituted in place of butter, by using a little less and adding a teaspoon of salt; should the yeast be very bitter, wash twice the quantity in a quart of cold water; let it settle and drain off the water, and afterwards measure of the thick part of the yeast.